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THE

# PROPHET:

A Grand Opera,

IN FOUR ACTS.

ARRANGED FOR THE ENGLISH STAGE BY

## HARCOURT RUSSELL.

FIRST PERFORMED ON

THE ENGLISH STAGE,

AT

# Che Rayal Surrey Cheatre,

MONDAY, AUGUST 7, 1854,

UNDER THE SOLE DIRECTION OF

MISS ROMER

PRODUCED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF MR. E. STIRLING.

Tonbon :

JOHN K. CHAPMAN AND COMPANY,

5, SHOE LANE, & PETERBOROUGH COURT FLEET STREET.

1854

PRICE SINDENCE.



ROYAL

## SURREY



## THEATRE.

TO THE

## PUBLIC AND PATRONS OF THIS THEATRE.

The Management, grateful for the Liberal Patronage they have received, are determined, by their strenuous endeavours, to deserve a continuance of their favours. Guided by this intention, the Opera of THE PROPHET, so eminently successful in Berlin, Paris, Florence, and London, will be produced, for the First Time on the English Stage, in a style of Splendour and Magnitude, hitherto unattempted in this Theatre. Eminent Artistes, a Troupe of Dancers, Skaters, Extra Band for the Stage, Double Chorus, and 200 Military for the Processions, Encampments, &c., united to the Powerful Company, will render this Historical Opera one of the most attractive ever witnessed. The Electors of the Empire—Great Lords of State—Nobles—Guards—High Dignitaries of the Church—Rebel Leaders—Priests—Pages—Guards—Ladies—Flower Girls—Peasants, &c., &c., amounting to 200 Persons,

IN THIS MAGNIFICENT OPERA.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

John of Leyden (the Prophet King) Mr. AUGUSTUS BRAHAM MR. HENRY CORRI. Count Oberthal . Zacharia \ (Anabaptist Leaders Mr. BORRANI Mr. ST. ALBYN Jonas of the Mathisen | Westphalian Revolt) ( Mr. O. SUMMERS First Citizen . . Mr. HODGES Mr. MAY Second Citizen (Mother of John of Leyden) Miss ROMER Bertha (Betrothed to John of Leyden) Miss REBECCA ISAACS Chorus of Nobles, Citizens, Peasants, Soldiers, &c., &c.

SPOCH -- THE SIXTERNIE CENTURY.

FIRST ACT IN DORDRECHT.

THE OTHERS IN MUNSTER.

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FROM
THE BIG 1 1 1 1
EVERT JANSE 1 1 L

#### ARGUMENT.

One of the most extraordinary impostures related in the history of the Netherlands, was that of the Prophet-King, styled John of Leyden. This man, in the hands of a religious sect (Anabaptists) became a formidable instrument for raising the standard of rebellion against the Imperial Crown of Germany; inspired by the supposed sacred influence of the Prophet, the infuriated peasantry rose, on masse, against their feudal lords, attacked castles, destroyed fortified towns, and ultimately made themselves masters of Munster, crowning their Prophet Emperor of Germany, in the cathedral of that city. The Electors of the Germanic Empire, alarmed at the progress of the rebellion, attacked the insurgents, defeated and took their Prophetleader prisoner, who was betrayed by his associates, the Anabaptists, and suffered death for his crimes against the State on a public scaffold. On these facts the author has woven a most pathetic story of domestic trials and suffering, the which, added to music of the highest order, renders this Opera one of the most effective ever composed.

## THE PROPHET.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—THE ENVIRONS OF DORDRECHT.

The River Meuse seen in the distance. On the R. H. a Fortified Castle, with drawbridge. On the L. Mill Farm House, &c. On the rising of the Curtain a Peasant is discovered playing the bagpipes, calling the farm labourers to breakfast. They arrive and sit at table, &c.

CHORUS.

The hush'd winds are sleeping,
So tranquil and still,
The shepherd's pipe echo's
From valley and hill.
The storm has past over,
And sweetly the dawn
With gladness is smiling
To herald the morn.

CHORUS OF MILLERS.
Tho' brightly the sunlight
Streams over the mill,
There is not a murmur
Its light sails to fill.

Enter BERTHA.

CAVATINA.

Now beats my heart with gladness.

Love's cheering ray

Drives grief away

Yes! every cloud of sadness Will disappear,

When he is near.
O fly, ye gentle zephyrs,
To him whom I adore,

And breathe, thus softly sighing, My love for evermore. While notes of song

This lay prolong, Now beats my heart with gladness.

Enter FIDES.

Ber. RECITATIVE.

Makes my heart beat high with joy.

Fid. Dids't thou expect me?

Yes; since dawn of morning.

Ber.

Fid. My son, who loves thee, awaits with anxious Expectation for his affianced bride.

"Oh, mother, haste thee to my Bertha's side, And quickly guide her here, to be my bride." Such were his words—and I am here. Then the orphan maiden, without fortune

Ber. Then the orphan maiden, without fortune
And without friends, he kindly makes his bride.

Fid. [embracing her.]

[embracing her.]
Dear Bertha, thy sweet face
With truth is ever lighted,
And 'tis my fondest hope
To see ye both united.
To thee I will resign
My thriving Inn at Leyden,
While he who loves thee well
Shall strew thy path with flowers.
Let us haste, the time is fleeting,
Fondly he awaits the meeting.
Ah, yes! my son, with love and pride,
Now waits to greet his lovely bride.

Ber.

Ah, mother, no;
I'm a vassal, and dare not give my hand
To him I love, or even leave this place
Without the express permission of the Count
Of Oberthal, the Lord of yonder castle.
I watch its gloomy walls, till I shrink with fear.

Fid. To him, my child, we will go.

[FIDES and BERTHA are about to cross drawbridge—when a religious chant is heard—then enter ZACHARIA, JONAS and MATHISEN.]

RECITATIVE.

Fid, [aside to Ber.]
Say, who are these strange men,
So austere in their demeanour?
Ber.
'Tis said they hold from Heaven

A high and sacred mission;
Their sad and dismal voices,
And strange mysterious words,
Have roused the thoughtless people,
Their followers to be.

Jon. Zac. & Math. Ad nos—ad salutarem undam Iterum, venite miseri.

CHORUS.

Heaven inspires their sacred song.

Jon. Zac. & Math. Ad nos—ad salutarem.

Zach. [addressing the people.] Would you become the lords and masters of you fruitful fields, which ye have tilled and cultivated?

Jonas. Would you see these lordly castles, with their proud

towers, descend to the level of your humble cottages?

Zach. Too long have you bent the knee, as slaves and vassals; awake! and know your power. Arise! and strike the blow that sets you free.

1st Peasant. Yonder castle, say you?

Zach. Shall soon to you belong.

2nd Peasant. And our servitude and toil?

Jonas. Shall disappear.

1st Peasant. But we are serfs and vassals, and must obey our lord. Zach. We came to liberate you from the bondage of the oppressor. You are strong, and can maintain your rights. You are men, and should be free!

Omnes. We will be free!

[The Peasants become excited, and arm themselves with scythes, &c.

#### TRIO AND CHORUS.

Glorious liberty inspiring,
Thy spotless banner shall be unfurl'd,
Freedom's sun, each bosom firing,
Beaming at last, shall light the world.
Victory thy laurels,
Soon our brow shall twine,
Guiding to conquest
With a ray divine.
Join with us a sacred band,
Sworn to free our native land.

To arms! to arms!

[They all rush towards the drawbridge. At this moment OBERTHAL enters, surrounded by Officers, Guards, &c. The Peasants instantly hide their weapons with fear.

Ober. What mean these menacing cries, that come to mar the gladness of our festal day? [Seeing Zach., &c.] Ah! are not you the fanatics, whose pernicious dogmas have so deluded the people? I will listen to them, they may amuse me.

will listen to them, they may amuse me.

Zach. Evil shall attend on those whose eyes are only open to the

wrong-darkness surrounds them.

Ber.

Ober. [observing Jonas.] Surely I know that face! "Tis my old Cellarer! who was driven from my castle for stealing, and drinking my wine. The hypocritical scoundrel, at the same time, was ever preaching temperance to all who came near him. [To Guards.] Drive them from hence. [To Jonas.] And mark me! If ever you are found near my castle again, I will hang you from yonder battlement. "Tis a reward you richly deserve. [Zac. Jonas and Marth. are driven off by the Guard.]

Ober. [observing Berth.] Ah! This looks somewhat more inviting.

Approach! What would'st thou with me?

DUET .- BERTHA AND FIDES.

Fid. Do not tremble. I am near

Thy heart to cheer.
From the waves of yonder river,
When nearly lost, John saved my life;
Left an orphan poor and friendless,
He sought my love, to be his wife.
Still well I know our hopes are vain
Until your kind consent we gain.

Fid.

Be.

Two hearts so united You would not divide. Oh, grant, good Signor,

He may make her his bride.

Tho' thy vassals must obey thee, Yet thou my suit wilt not deny. Even now, he waits to wed me;

We would depart e'er night draws nigh. See, his mother bending before thee,

For her dear son, she would implore thee.

Fid. Two hearts so united
You would not divide.

Oh grant, good Signor, He may make her his bride.

RECITATIVE.

Ober. That form of grace and beauty,

That face so fair and lovely, Shall another call his own; And I ne'er see thee more.

Ah! no, no, I do refuse thee.

Ber. & Fid. Ah! fatal words.

CHORUS.

Cruel mandate,
Day of horror,
Hope is darken'd
O'er with sorrow;

Tyrant power
Thus to sever
Heart's affection,
Links for ever.

Ober. 'Tis my will, which no power can alter-

You plead now in vain.

As your lord, you are bound to obey me—

Your threats I disdain.

Ho! guards! advance,

CHORUS.
Away!

[FIDES supplicates the Peasants to defend BERTHA—they advance and menace OBERTHAL, but are driven back. BERTHA and FIDES are forced across the drawlridge. OBERTHAL follows with his Guards.

## Scene II.—AN INN IN THE SUBURBS OF LEYDEN,

Belonging to FIDES and her son JOHN. Door and window centre, through which a Landscape is seen. Doors R. and L. JOHN enters with flasks, which he places on the tables. Peasants enter C. D., and seat themselves—others dance and sing during the following chorus. Zacharia, Jonas, and Mathisen enter.

#### CHORUS.

Gaily dancing to a joyful measure, While sweet music fills the air, Ever singing songs of mirth and pleasure, We with laughter banish care. This hour my glad heart tells me

Joh. This hour my glad heart tells me
My Bertha I shall see,
With radiant beauty smiling,
My gentle bride to be.

Jon. (aside to ZACH.)

Zach.

Oh, heaven! that noble brow Beaming forth like one inspired. This must be the prophet king, So long by us desired—

So long by us desired— Heaven designs that he Shall set our country free.

Jon. Be silent!

#### CHORUS.

We must away,
Night around is closing,
From busy day,
In sleep reposing.

Good night, farewell!

[The Peasants all retire—ZAOH. MATH. and JONAS seat themselves.

Zach. (looking at JONN.) The resemblance is most surprising.

Jonas. So exact is the likeness, that should the sacred image of
the guardian saint of Munster walk from its pedestal, they would not
be known apart.

Zach. He must join us. The people will flock around his standard,

and victory soon shall give us wealth and power.

Jonas. Speak to him—he appears disturbed.

Zach. (to John.) Why is your brow thus clouded?—youth is not

the time for sorrow.

John. I am awaiting the arrival of my betrothed, who with my mother, has promised to return:—their long delay fills my heart with fear. Alas! the fatal vision that has appeared to me, for the last two nights, cloud all my thoughts with sadness.

Zach. A vision, you say, has appeared to you? Speak on!

John. Your wisdom, perchance, may explain the meaning of the mysterious dream, that has so disturbed my rest. Listen!

#### THE VISION.

John. I stood beneath the dome of an ancient
Marble temble, and at my feet, prostrate,
The suppliant people bowed, and then they placed
A regal crown, with pomp upon my brow.
Sounds of sacred music in solemn cadence
Fill'd mine ear, while every voice seem'd repeating—
Heav'n ordains he shall be king. Then appear'd

On the walls these words, in flames of fire—
"Beware thy doom." In desperate haste I strove
To draw my sword—when round me there arose
A stream of human blood. Though all escape
Seem'd vain, yet I strove to gain the throne, which
'Mid the flood, at that instant disappear'd—
A cry of vengeance fill'd the air. But, ah!—
From above the blue expanse of heaven
A voice, sweetly said,—"Thou must repent,
And mercy may yet be thine." And then
I suddenly awoke—my-heart with fear,
And horror seem'd to freeze.

Joh. Zach. & Math. Thy fears at once dispelling,
"Tis Heav'n itself foretelling,
Thou, a king, art born to reign.

An empire shall be thine.
Ah! no, no, no. Thy words I'll not believe.

### ARIA.

Mine be an empire, where affection
Ever holds her gentle sway.

Peace and love, the heart's protection,
Strew with flow'rs life's sunny way.

Ah, this humble cottage dwelling,
Shall be dearer than a throne;
Bertha's smile, all grief dispelling,
When I claim her for mine own.

When I claim her for mine own.

And whate'er my fate may be,
She shall reign a queen for me.

Jon. Zach. & Math. With us you must depart

From your fate,
Thus madly flying,
And the will
Of Heav'n denying.
To remain
Is in vain—
Thou a king
Art born to reign.

Joh. Ah! no, no, no!

While a crown of simple flowers,
Round my lov'd one's brow entwine,
Nature's fragrant rosy bowers,
For our palace dome will shine.
Nought of discord, or of sadness,
Then shall wake dark sorrow's tear,
But sweet song birds' notes of gladness,
E'er shall murmur in mine ear.

Ah, whate'er my fate may be, Bertha reigns a queen for me.

Zach.

Joh.

Joh.

Jon. Zach. & Math. With us you must depart, &c.
[Exeunt Jonas, Zach. and Math.
RECITATIVE.

Job. [alone] They have departed, heav'n be praised; their dark
And gloomy aspect made me shrink with fear;
But I'll think of the morrow, and the joy
That awaits me, when my Bertha I see.
But, hark! what mean those sounds? they nearer come.
'Tis the quick tramp of horsemen, by the clashing
Of their swords. No; 'tis a woman! Oh! heaven!
It is Bertha; say, what means thy despair?

Enter BERTHA, who rushes towards JOHN for projection.

From the hands of a tyrant save my life;
For pity's sake hide me, e'er they arrive.

From these cruel men, oh, save me, Oh shield me, now, till they depart; Heav'n in mercy deign to aid me, Leave me not a broken heart.

[JOHN conceals BERTHA in a recess, as OBERTHAL and soldiers enter.]

RECITATIVE.

As we this hour were journeying towards
Halem Castle, with two female captives,
Ere we had gained the wood, not far from this,
Thy dwelling—where dark waving branches
O'ershadows the way, the younger captive fled.
Hither for shelter hath she come. Beware
My power; conceal her not from me,
Or thou shalt even now, before thine eyes,
Behold thy mother die.

My mother? Oh. heaven! have mercy.

Ober.

Joh.

Ober.

Joh.

My mother? Oh, heaven! have mercy. Her fate thou shalt decide.

Ah! my life I'll freely give thee, Strike the blow, I do not fear, At thy feet behold me kneeling, Spare, oh spare, my mother dear.

At my feet I see thee kneeling, Would'st thou save a mother dear, To thy destiny now yielding,

Bid the captive maid appear. Between us both 'tis heaven

That must decide; On thee will fall the crime Of paricide.

[At a signal from OBERTHAL the soldiers drag in FIDES; she is forced on her knees; a soldier raises an axe to strike her; at the moment JOHN utters a cry of despair, and yields up BERTHA to OBERTHAL.]

Joh.

Ah, Bertha, I must yield thee; 'tis our fate That bids us part. Oh, despair!

[Bertha fainting is earried off by Obserthal; John throws himself into a chair in a state of distraction; Fides advances to soothe him.]

#### AIR.

Fid.

Oh, my son, my much lov'd son,
Thy mother was dearer,
And to thy heart nearer,
Than e'en thy Bertha's gentle love.
For me, e'en more than life thou hast resigned,
Ah! well I know the anguish of thy mind.

Ye guardian powers,
That reign in heaven above,
Hear now my prayer,
And bless his truth and love.

[FIDES slowly retires to her chamber.

[ZACH., MATH., and JONAS, are heard outside, singing their religious chant, ad nos ad salutarem undam.]

Joh. Ah! those sounds of woe are welcome to me now—
They whisper in mine ear "revenge." What, ho!
My friends! Enter! I would speak with ye.

Enter ZACH., MATH., and JONAS.

Joh. This morning when you interpreted my dream, did you not say that destiny decreed that I should reign a king?

Jon. Yes; follow us, and thou shalt rule an empire.

Joh. Yet, tell me, shall I possess the power of taking vengeance on my foes?

Zach. At thy command destruction shall upon them fall. Joh. 'Tis against the tyrant, Oberthal, I seek revenge.

Zach. At once it shall be thine.

Joh. Speak your wishes; tell me how to act; I promise to obey. Zach. The sons of our beloved fatherland, galled by the cruel yoke of tyranny, even now await the coming of one ordained by heaven to set them free. Like a whirlwind they will arise, when we shall raise the standard of the Prophet King.

Joh. What dost thou mean?

Zach. By undoubted signs from heaven it is revealed to us that thou shalt reign a king.

Jon. Come, thy presence will inspire the people; thou shalt lead

us on to freedom and to glory.

Joh. Gladly will I grasp the sword to free my country from the power of tyrants; let us on!

Zach. Yet, ere we depart, thou must swear to absolve all earthly ties; never more shalt thou behold thy mother, or thy native home.

Joh. Oh, heaven! my mother!

FINALE.

Joh. (listening at his mother's chamber)

Be silent—she is sleeping; in her dreams She murmurs a prayer. Ah! it is for me

That she prays—" Heaven preserve my much-loved sen."

Ah! shall I then abandon her for ever?

No. no: I will not-dare not-leave her thus-

I will remain; a mother's love is all

I've left me now on earth.

Zach. Think of the vengeance.

The hopes that await thee. Math.

Jon. The power to lay the oppressor low.

Jon., Zach. & Math. Honors await thee. Fame shall elate thee,

Why wilt thou then

Still seek to stay?

Thy fate obeying, Without delaying, Come follow us,

We must away.

Heaven inspiring, With ardour firing, Shall lead us on

To victory.

Joh. Stay but an instant, I implore thee:

Farewell, dear mother! Farewell, lov'd dwelling!

In life I ne'er

Shall see thee more.

Grief in my lone heart Sadly is dwelling, Hope's happy dream

Nought can restore.

Yes, dearest mother, we now must part.

Honors await thee, Jon., Zach. & Math. Fame shall elate thee.

Joh.

Why wilt thou then

Still seek to stay?

Yet an instant, I implore thee, While I breathe a last farewell-

Dearest mother, still before me, In memory thy form shall dwell.

[He is going towards his mother's chamber, and suddenly stops. Ah, no! should I behold her, I could not

From her part. Away! away!

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A FROZEN LAKE.

On each side of which may be seen the tents of the Insurgents. The day is nearly closing, and the Troops are grouped about the stage as if exhausted by fatigue and hunger.

Enter ZACHABIA and MATHISEN.

#### AIR.

Zac.

We'll vanquish the foe, The oppressor lay low,—

No mercy to him will we vield.

Our lov'd homes to save, Ye valliant and brave,

Let's boldly on to victory's field.
Yes, we'll free the land that gave us birth,
And sweep the hated tyrant from the earth,
And crush them into dust

#### RECITATIVE.

Mat. The day at length declines!

Our weary soldiers are in need of rest;

Since the morning dawned, nobly have they fought.

Zac. Yes; for glory!

Ah! would that glory now Their hunger could appease!

Zac. But, see!

On ev'ry side our friends are fast arriving! Swiftly o'er the frozen lake, provisions Now they bring: the soldiers and heart cheer

Now they bring; the soldiers sad heart cheering With sunny smiles, and songs of mirth and joy!

Mat. & Zac. 'Tis Providence thus kindly aids us— Rewarding us at last For toil and danger past.

Enter Peasants from different parts of the stage with baskets of provisions, which they offer for sale to the SOLDIERS. The girls having removed the skates from their feet, commence dancing.

#### CHORUS.

O'er foreign lakes springing, Like birds swiftly winging,



Provisions { they're we're } bringing
The soldier to cheer!
Wine, bright and sparkling,
Now freely is flowing,
Pleasure and plenty
Around us is glowing;
With songs of gladness

 ${ We \atop They }$  welcome  ${ them \atop us }$  here!

With hearts kindly swelling,
They
We've left a warm dwelling,
Our
Their sorrows dispelling

With wine and good cheer.

[Night coming on, they replace their skates, and then depart across the lake.

## SCENE II.—ZACHARIA'S TENT. TABLE, CHAIRS, ETC.

#### Enter ZACHARIA and MATHISEN.

Zac. What news from Munster?

Mat. It still holds out! We have commanded the Baron to surrender, but enraged at the destruction of his son's ancient castle, he still refuses to yield.

Zac. An assault must be made this very night. With a few hundred men, under the cover of darkness, success is almost certain.

Mat. But the Prophet?

ac. Hush! some one approaches. Who goes there?

Enter Jonas, with a party of Soldiers, leading in OBERTHAL.

Jon. Loitering near our camps this man has been discovered.

Ober. I am a weary traveller, who amid the windings of the forest, has lost his way.

Jon. He offers to join our standard!

Zac. 'Tis well! our glorious cause is still in need of soldiers.

Ober. (aside) I must dissemble! 'tis now my only chance of reaching Munster!

#### TRIO.

Ober. First my doubts dispelling,
By your reasons telling

Why you strike the foe?

Zac. List with due submission,
And our mighty mission
Thou shalt quickly know.

Thou must swear the rich to humble, And the peasant to protect. Priests and convents overthrowing— All must fall without respect.

Ober. I swear it!

Zac. And the proud and haughty nobles
Now must perish by the sword,
Without scruple from them taking

All their gold and secret hoard.

Ober. I swear it!

Jon. And then to sum up all to you, Your heart must virtuous be, and true.

[ZAC. and JONAS offer wine to OBERTHAL.

Fill the cup to overflowing,
Friendship's bonds are firmer growing
When bright ruby wine is glowing,
And the heart is most sincere.

Jon. & Zach. (aside.)

Ah, e'en while we're believing,
He may be deceiving,
Snares around us weaving,

While we linear her

While we linger here.

Ober. (aside.)

They my words believing,
Think not I'm deceiving,
Snares around them weaving,
While they loiter here,

Fill the cup to overflowing, Friendship's bonds are firmer growing While bright ruby wine is glowing,

'And the heart is more sincere.
Why should darkness thus conceal us,

In its mantle of night,
When an instant may remove it

With glorious light?

[Jonas strikes a light with a flint and steel.

The sparks from the steel are now flying, Like rare gems, in brilliancy vieing, They're spark'ling bright.

Jon. Zac. & Ober.

Jon.

Who knows but this moment Some friend we may see! How joyful the welcome Of meeting will be.

[The moment the Lamp is lighted, JONAS and ZACHARIA recognise OBERTHAL.

Jon. Oh, Heaven!

'Tis he! Zac. Ober. Villians!  $oldsymbol{Z}$ ac. Oberthal!

Jon. Yes, the tyrant!

Ober. The scoundrel who stole my wine!

Jon. My ancient master; whose very name I hate.

Tho' they triumph for an hour, Ober. They shall yet soon feel my pow'r. Jon. & Zac. Oh, we'll bless this happy hour,

Now the tyrants' in our pow'r. Ober.

Fortune now upon them smiling, In their snares my steps beguiling, Yet their impious race reviling,

Soon my vengeance shall they know.

Jon. & Zac. Fortune now upon us smiling, In our snares the foe beguiling, We his impious race reviling,

Will to him no mercy show.

[At a sign from ZACHARIA enter Soldiers.

Zac. [to OBER.] Prepare for instant death.

Jon. [aside to ZAC.] We dare not take his life without the man-

date of the Prophet King.

Zac. I heed him not, his power shall crumble at my will. Guards! bear you traitor to his doom! Within an hour he dies.

### Enter JOHN, as the Prophet King.

John. Who dares my commands defy? The power of life and death rests alone with me; let Oberthal be free!

Zac. [ironically.] Anger makes you grant a favor even to your

direst foe.

Leave me! [Zachabia, Jonas and Soldiers exeunt.] He, who has blighted all my hopes in life, and made existence but a dark and troubled dream of vengeance, now stands before me! Heaven, in justice, at length yields him to my power.

Ober. I ask thee not for mercy; my crimes I freely own. Yet ere I die, believe me, thy gentle Bertha still is pure. To save her honor, in desperation she plunged from the turrets of my castle into

the waves beneath.

Joh. Has she then perished? Ober. No, her life was saved. Joh. Heaven, I thank thee!

Ober. Even now she is at Munster, and thither was I going to entreat her pardon, when I fell into your power.

Joh. Your sentence is delayed. Bertha shall decide your fate!

Guards! look to your prisoner!

[Exit OBBB. guarded.

#### SCENE III.

#### THE FROZEN LAKE BY MOONLIGHT.

Enter Jonas, Zacharia, Mathisen and Soldiers.

CHORUS.
This Prophet King
We all believ'd
In ev'ry act,
Has us deceiv'd.
Where are the spoils,
And where the fame?
Where is the crown
He was to claim?

Vengeance on his impious head we call, Soon beneath our swords he now shall fall.

[The Soldiers, excited by ZACHABIA and his companions draw their swords, and are about to rush from the Stage in search of the PROPHET KING. When JOHN enters they suddenly pause.

#### RECITATIVE.

Joh. Who dares refuse my commands to obey?

CHORUS.

'Tis he!
Jon. & Mat. (to JEAN.)

Not I!

Joh.

To find rebellion lurking thus near me
In you, who've sworn to aid me e'en to death!
Would you now our righteous cause endanger,
And by your acts now sacrifice our lives?
It is to Heaven alone that we must look
For victory—yet all your wild desires
Are but for plunder!

#### CHORUS.

His words are true, We plainly feel, In vain our crimes We would conceal.

Joh. Seek to atone with humble supplication
For this perfidious crime of guilt and shame:
And implore from Heaven above, bending low,
That you may be forgiven.

[They all kneel while JOHN sings the following Prayer:—Pitying Heaven, hear our prayer!
Tho' from thy paths

Our erring feet have stray'd— Oh, still in mercy Deign our cause to aid! See us now before thee bending, Thy glorious light on us descending, Oh, grant us now thy care.

[They rise from their knees.

#### RECITATIVE.

Zac. Oh, forgive us, Sire! Thy valiant soldiers
Are flocking round thee, unsheathed is ev'ry sword,
Beneath thy sacred banner they'll conquer
Or they'll die!

#### CHORUS.

Let us on, to death or victory!

Joh. [jazing upwards in a vision.]

What hear I?—celestial sounds of harps, And Heavenly songs, that seem to breathe these words, "To Munster!"

#### CHORUS.

~Ţo Munster on!

Joh. Sounds from Heav'nly harps descending,
While sweet voices music blending,
Tell the hour of triumph nigh.
Those sacred chords my soul inspiring,
And my heart with ardour firing,

#### CHORUS.

To lead you on to victory!

We'll strike the tyrant foe for liberty,
We'll shed our blood to set our country free.
On high, then, let our glorious banners wave!
With sacred zeal we go our homes to save!

Exeunt omnes.

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A PUBLIC SQUARE IN MUNSTER, ON THE RIGHT THE TOWN HALL.

At the rising of the curtain citizens enter from various parts of the Stage, carrying bags of gold, plate, &c., into the Hall. Others form into groups, and whisper mysteriously amongst themselves.

1st Citizen. The news is true! e'en now, I saw the proclamation!
2nd Citizen. What, this impostor, they call a Prophet, would they make a King?

lst Citizen. King! why, I tell you, he has decreed the fall of the Elector Princes, and chosen in their stead three fanatical preachers, who this very day will proclaim him to the world, The Emperor of Germany.

2nd Cuizen. Emperor of Germany! Oh, infamy! 1st Citizen. Hush! we may be observed!

Enter FIDES as a mendicant, she seats herself upon a stone. The citizens give her alms.

#### AIR.

Fid. In pity deign to aid me,
An outcast poor and lone,
With grief my heart is laden,
Mourning for an only son.
For charity I implore thee,
Oh, let my woes your pity move!
Though life lowers dark before me,
My hope is still to meet above,
The son whom I so fondly love.

Refuse me not, and soon kind Heaven! Will hear my pray'r,

And bless the generous hand that gives

What it can spare.

For charity I implore thee!
Oh, let my woes your pity move.
&c., &c.

[Citizens give FIDES alms, and then exeunt.

Enter Beetha, dressed as a pilgrim; she appears fatigued as from a long journey.

#### GRAND DUET.

BECIT.

Fid. Poor weary pilgrim! surely with fatigue Thou art fainting; thy limbs have need of rest;

Ber. Oh, Heav'n! what voice do I hear?

Fid. Bertha! Bertha, is it thou?

Ber. Oh. joy! it is my mother!

Ber. Oh, joy! it is my mother! Fid. To see thee, with fresh life inspires my heart.

Ber. Dearest mother! do I then again behold thee?

Now all my grief's for ever past away. Ah, what joy in these arms once more to unfold thee,

To join thy son no longer we'll delay.

Fid. [aside] While she is happy in the feeling,
Oh, how dreadful 'tis revealing,
That all hope for ever's fled,
In that fatal word—he's dead!—

My son!

Ber. Let us away!

Fid. My son!

Ber. To him let us fly!

Fid. He is dead!

Ber. What! dost thou say he's dead?

Fid. He is dead!

#### DUET.

Our ev'ry hope in life has perish'd, And dark will dawn each coming day; Since he whose love we fondly cherish'd From earth, alas! has past away.

#### RECITATIVE.

Fid. One sad morning I discovered, In a chamber of our inn,

Garments all stain'd with blood-

They were my son's!

Then a voice cried aloud, "the Prophet King Decrees on earth thou ne'er shalt see him more; Heav'n his destiny hath sealed."

Ber. Oh, heav'n! 'tis the tyrant who has deluged

Our country with blood, Fid. He has killed my son!

Ber. This hand, though weak, shall punish him.

Fid. Alas! thou hast no power!

Ber. Now, hear me! to his palace I will go,

And stand within his presence.

Fid. How wilt thou act when thou art there?

Ber. [drawing a dagger.]

This dagger's point shall bring the tyrant low. Stern justice calls,

By this hand he falls. My just revenge Shall cheer me on, Tho' every hope On earth is gone. Destiny guiding His fate, deciding Heav'n grant me strength To strike the blow.

Fid.

Go! my humble pray'r Shall follow thee, For now no hope on earth Is left to me.

[Exeunt.

### SCENE II.—THE INTERIOR OF MUNSTER CATHEDRAL.

Arranged for the Coronation of the Prophet King. During the following chorus the Electors enter, bearing the crown, imperial insignia, &c. John, clothed in white, crosses the aisle and enters the cloister. The people press forward to follow him, but are prevented by the Guards. FIDES enters and kneels in front of the stage as if in prayer. The organ is heard, and the Coronation is supposed to be taking place.

CHORUS (from within.)

Hear our pray'r-Long may the King Reign over us.

RECITATIVE.

Fid. (raising herself.)

They say long may this King o'er us reign! Yes, their pray'r is for the Prophet King, Blessings on his path they call; Yet my pray'r is, that on his head Heav'n's just vengeance soon may fall. CHORUS.

Long live the Prophet King! Fid. Oh! my Bertha, gen'rous maiden! Soon thy noble name the world shall know, When thy hand the sword unsheathing, This Prophet King thou shalt lay low.

CHORUS.

Long live the Prophet King!

[ The organ is heard. A number of young Choristers enter. followed by the crowd.

#### CHORUS.

Now behold the King approaches,
All before him lowly bow:
His glorious crown, with splendour shining,
Upon his high majestic brow.
He appears not of this earth,
But radiant with immortal birth.

[The procession returns. JOHN appears attired in his regal costume, followed by the principal Officers of State. All the people kneel as he enters—he advances thoughtfully, and repeats the prophecy.

Joh. "Thou shalt be king." Ah, now their words are true.
I am a king decreed by Heav'n to reign!

Fid. (after gazing earnestly for a moment on JOHN, exclaims)

My son!
Omnes. Her son!

Zac. (to JOHN, who is about to fly to his mother)

If you speak she dies!

Joh. (with subdued emotion)

Sav. who is

Say, who is this woman?

Fid. Who am I?—who am I?

I am that one on earth who most did love thee,
Who bore thee in her arms a helpless child.
But, ah! a mother's tears have ceased to move thee—
A wretched son from virtue's path beguiled.

Ungrateful one!

Dost thou not know me know?

#### CHORUS.

What words are these? Can we believe With impious fraud She would deceive?

Jon, Zac, & Mat.

Her words are false;
Do not believe
With impious fraud
She would deceive.

Joh. Her brain is fraught with some strange delusion.

What seeks she? I know her not. Speak, woman!

What is your will?

Fid.

What is my will?

Borne down with grief, to frenzy almost driven,
My life I'd give, a once lov'd son to save;
But pride and shame have made him here disown me,
And gladly now I'd hide me in the grave,

#### CHORUS.

The Kingly pow'r she would defy; The vile impostor now shall die. Her words are false and impious, Such crime must be repaid with death.

Jon. Zac. & Mat. draw their daggers and exclaim-

Yes, the vile imposter now shall die!

Joh. [advancing.]

Fid. Hold! one moment!

Ah! he will defend me!

#### RECITATIVE.

J.h. Her life shall be spared!
'Tis her mind that is diseased, see you not
Her reason wanders? The hand of Heav'n alone
Her malady can cure!

#### CHORUS.

He hath the power Round us to shower Earth's purest blessings. Long may he reign!

Joh. Great Heav'n inspire me!—may thy pure light Of reason, again upon her dawn—woman! Before me lowly bending, on thy knees!

FIDES kneels.

Thou had'st a son whose face resembled mine?

Fid. Ah, yes, I lov'd him!

Joh. Dispel now ev'ry fear, And fix your gaze on me.

Fid. Support me, Heav'n!

Joh. And you, who surround me, Your daggers now unsheath.

Fid. I sink with fear!

Joh.

Joh.

'Tis well!—should you still persist
That I am your son; as an impostor
Let death be my fate, my breast I freely bare.

[All brandish their daggers.

Am I thy son?

CHORUS.

Reply! reply! Am I thy son?

CHORUS.

Reply!

Fid. Ah, hear me! I am deceived!

On earth I have no son?

#### CHORUS.

His power is unbounded, His foes are confounded, We all are astounded

With wonder!

Fid. To save his life, I have disclaim'd my son!

CHORUS OF PRIESTS, &c.

Domine salvum regem! CHORUS OF PEOPLE.

He hath the power
Round us to shower
Earth's purest blessings.
Long may he reign!

Fid. (remembering BERTHA'S vow)

But Bertha's sworn his life to take—I go!

[JOHN gives secret orders to one of his officers, and then retires.

#### CHORUS.

Long live the Prophet King!
May he reign for ever. Amen!

END OF ACT THE THURB.

### ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—A PRISON BENEATH THE PALACE OF MUNSTER.

On the left a stone staircase, on the right an iron gateway. Zacharia, Mathisen, and Jonas discovered in secret conference.

#### RECITATIVE.

Mat. But art thou sure 'tis true?

Zac. (taking a parchment from his pocket)

Yes! the Emperor towards the town of Munster

Now advances with a powerful army. We must escape from the danger!

Zac. He offers a free pardon unto us,

On one condition—that we deliver Up to him the Prophet. How shall we act?

Jon. Zac. and Mut.

Mat.

It is the will of Heaven! and we obey.

[They go out through the iron gates, which they close after them.

Enter Soldiers. They conduct Fides down the stone staircase, and depart with torches.

## GRAND SCENA.

Fid. Ye ministers of Baal!

Why have ye brought me hither? Am I, then,
No longer free? While I'm a prisoner here,
I know that Bertha has sworn to take his life.
He is my son. Ah! no, no, no! he has
Disowned his mother! Upon his guilty head
May justice quickly fall.
Ah! no, no, no! Kind Heaven, pardon him!

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#### ARIA.

To him my heart's affection
Clings with maternal love!
Heaven grant thy kind protection—
Let my tears thy pity move.
Though ungrateful he has been,
He's still my darling one;
Oh, hear a mother's suppliant prayer,
And save her guilty son!

Enter an Officer of the Propher's guard.

Woman! the Prophet King approaches! What do I hear? Is it, then, true? Oh, Heaven! I again shall behold him!

Off. Fid. [Exit.

### ARIA.

May heavenly truth with radiant light
Shining o'er him,
From the darken'd errors of night
Now restore him.
Though an abyss of guilt and shame
Lies before him—
Ye Powers above, deign to reclaim
My guilty son.
May sweet repentance, on him descending,
Now guide his thoughts to things above;
While pure affection, with bright hope blending,
Lead back his heart to peace and love.
May heavenly truth with radiant light
Shining o'er him,

&c., &c., &c.

Enter JEAN, attired in his Imperial robes.

#### DUET.

Oh, mother! dear mother! Joh. What seek ye? most high and mighty king! Fid. Thou art now no longer in the temple Where thy poor mother was spurn'd with insult. Now that the eye of heaven alone Can behold us, on thy knees bow thee down. Joh. Oh, in pity, pardon thy son! My son!—I have no son. Fid. The son, for whom I weep, e'er was noble,-His heart was kind and good, but thou—but thou— The wrath of Heav'n thou hast defied, Thy mother's love with scorn denied; Go from my sight,—here let me die! I shrink with fear from crimes like thine! Thy victims loud for mercy cry— Thou'rt now no longer son of mine! Joh. Oh, mercy! 'Twas love, alas! that urged me on, Vengeance remain'd when hope was gone. But, oh! if in thy heart Fid. Remorse and sad repentance Can yet their light impart, Renounce at once thy power, My blessing shall be thine. Joh. Honour still my sword demands!

Fid. High Heaven of thee the act demands. Joh. Shall I my friends forsake? Fid. Their impious bondage break! Joh. Coward like, shall I fly? Fid. Heaven's commands ne'er deny. A mother's suppliant prayer To Heaven is ne'er in vain : Mercy soon descending, Shall bless my son again. The guilty errors of the past Will swiftly fade away; Virtue and truth within his breast Once more resume their away. My prayer I feel was not in vain; Kind Heaven will bless my son again. Joh. The guilty errors of the past, Oh may they fade away; And truth and virtue, in my breast, Resume once more their sway. Fid. My son, I take thee to my heart again. Oh, joy! may Heaven, like thee, forgive me! Joh. Both. Now from this place we'll depart, Its pride and power spurning; Joy to a fond mother's heart, Her long-lost son's returning. Joy! joy! thou art mine again! Enter Officers of the Prophet's Guard, followed by Bertha, guarded by Soldiers. Off. (aside to John.) We are betrayed—the foe is at our gates: Flight alone remains. Joh. Ah! the foe! Off. (pointing to BERTHA.) This woman Was found conceal'd in the festive chamber, Where even now thy guests await thy presence. She has sworn to take thy life, oh Prophet! Ber. (recognising John.) The Prophet !- The Prophet ! Mercy! Joh. Ber. No! Fid. Mercy! Ber. Away! thy touch is hateful, Blood has stained thy guilty hand; The axe hath been the sceptre

With which thou hast ruled the land.

Thy crimes have now divided
Ev'ry tie that made me thine.

Fid. & Joh. Yes, on earth is now divided

Ev'ry tie that made her { thine. } mine. }

RECITATIVE.

Ber. I lov'd thee once! yet now do I hate thee!
I feel this heart may love thee still—and thus
I reward it!

She stabe herself. FIDES bears her from the stage.

Joh.

Ah! she is dead!

My mother must be saved—yet will I,

Here remain and punish these impostors.

[He whispers to the Officers of the Guard, who conducts

FIDES from the prison.

Fides [going.],
My son! my son! must we part?

[Exit.

Joh. [alone.]
I seek revenge; yes, a dreadful vengeance
Shall be mine. In one grave they all shall fall!

Exit.

## Scene the Last.—BANQUETTING HALL IN THE PALACE OF MUNSTER.

At the back of the Stage a raised table, magnificently spread. On each side there are large massive iron gates leading out of the Hall. JOHN is seated at the table, he appears thoughtful. Pages attend, with wine, fruit, &c., during which the dance proceeds.

CHORUS.

May honor wait Upon the Prophet King,

His glory now With heart and voice we sing,

Honor and glory to the Prophet King!
[JOHN advances in conference with two officers.
RECITATIVE

Joh. When all our enemies have entered
The Palace, quickly see yon iron gates
Are closed upon them. Then at my signal,
A burning flame from below shall arise,
And from the earth shall sweep all those impious traitors.
You, my friends, shall alone escape.

[Iohn takes a golden goblet from the table, and, after drinking, sings the following song:—

Fill high the cup of pleasure, And gladness without measure Shall crown this night divine, With sparkling wine.

You, my friend, who smile before me, Soon your rich reward shall be, E'en while this scene shines mighty o'er thee, Celestial joys to share with me.

> Fill high the cup of pleasure, And gladness without measure, Shall crown this night divine,

With sparkling wine! CHORUS.

Long may he reign o'er us! viva! viva! Fill high the cup of pleasure,

n nigh the cup of pleasure &c., &c.

[At this moment the iron gates are thrown open, and the EMPEROR enters, surrounded by NOBLES, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, &c., with drawn swords. Zacharia, Jonas, and Mathisen (who have betrayed the Prophet King) follow.

CHORUS.

For vengeance we come.

Death to the Prophet King!

RECITATIVE.

Joh. Close the gates from without,—soon to all They shall prove the portals of a temb.

Jon. Prophet King, bend thy knee!
Jok. I bow to Heav'n alone!

Ober. Thou art now in my power.

Joh. More surely thou art in mine. Ah, traitors!

(To OBERTHAL.)

Joh.

Tyrant! thou also shalt perish with me! Heav'n justly all condemns; and I am thus Design'd to execute the awful doom!

Joh. Ah! my mother!

Fid. To pardon thee I come; and with thee gladly die.

Fid. & Joh. Come, then!

Ah, joyful is this meeting,
With me Heav'n's pardon seeking,
In brighter realms above.

[An explosion is heard—part of the wall is thrown down, the flames are seen to ascend and spread in every direction.

At this moment FIDES, with dishevelled hair, rushes through the ruins, and falls into the arms of her son.

#### CHORUS.

The flames are round us spreading Our dreadful fate still dreading, No hope for us remains! Farewell!

Fid. & Joh.

END OF OPERA.



